The World.

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A PAGEANT OF HISTORY.

SOME of us remember the naval parade in these waters in Columbian year, 1892, when the British cruiser Blake was the most capable warship present and the White Squadron our own very modest claim to sea dominion. Many remember the dedication of the Grant monument in 1897, when the country's naval strength had reached the proportions that were tested only the year following in the war with Spain—six armored vessels and a number of protected craft. Still more of us remember the demonstration when Dewey's little squadron came back from Manila in 1899, his flagship a protected cruiser not in the first rank. All remember the sombre line of American battleships in the Hudson-Fulton celebration of 1909.

Those massive fighting machines passed slowly up North River yesterday with new and still mightier companions. A week hence, when all their fellows are in place for the naval review, there will be twenty-four battleships, two armored cruisers, twenty-two torpedo boat destroyers, sixteen torpedo boats, eight submarines, four gunboats and miscellaneous craft—102 vessels in all. This array declares a growth that staggers the imagination, a fighting strength that, should occasion require, would "stagger humanity." Gone are the monitors, gone the dynamite cruisers, gone the boats that beat down Spain's western empire in an hour. The plucky Texas, which was in at the death at Santiago, was made a target the other day and sunk in the mud under another name. The torpedo boats, the torpedo boat destroyers and the submarines are things of which the struggle with Spain knew scarce at all, and a new instrument of war waits at the threshold—the aeroplane, which may yet make all our armament a ruinous heap of iron.

Since 1892 this town has witnessed pageants that record a longer advance in the arts of destruction than was accomplished in the three thousand years that divide the warfare of the earlier Pharaohs from the gunpowder period of western civilization. It is good, or at least it is important, to dwell in a maritime city and see history crowd years into days.

THE BEHAVIOR OF WRITERS.

PERHAPS the great names in American literature were worn by men deficient in what is called nowadays "the joy of life." Anyway, these men led scandalously correct lives. Bryant, whose statue was unveiled yesterday, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Thoreau, Whittier, Holmes and their fellows were almost austere in their conduct. The religious note sounds in their writings and most of them have contributed to hymnology. Holmes masked sentiment under a merry exterior and Longfellow wrote some verses in praise of the vina. These were the sole "excesses" of that Augustan group. Even its black sheep, so-called, Edgar Allan Poe, who drank heavily at times, was at any rate not divorced by his wife. He loved the little invalid devotedly and never recovered from her death.

The popular poets, novelists and playwrights of our day are much more interesting "human documents." The literal documents which they yield may be inferior to the output of the elder generation, but the men themselves more evidently have "red blood." Some of them prove it by drinking too much, others by skipping their board bills, others by polygamy, tandem fashion or otherwise. Many have taken nothing from Plato but his doctrine of "affinities." When a chorus girl drops her handkerchief, a full third of them (full in one or more senses of the word) run to pick it up. Measured by the divorce courts, the police courts or the civil courts, where bad debts are sought to be collected, the standard of many of these gentlemen is not enough above that of actors to infect the one guild with complacency or the other with envy.

"He couldn't stand Broadway" is the way a highbrow's estranged wife put it. One of Kipling's characters dressed the same idea in scientific phrase when he saw the ambitious monkey at his antics behind bars: "His ego is too much for his cosmos." When the White Lights of Broadway scorch the poet's wings the resulting odor sometimes argues that they are of grosser fabric than gossamer. Most of the writers with what is politely called "temperament" were born in the country, and there they married the plain little women whom they discard here. If there is any moral to be drawn from what is doubtless but a passing gust of demoralization perhaps it is "Back to the farm."

FROM CHINA TO PERU.

CHINA is a long way from the Bowery, but Chinatown abuts New York's most storied street, and Chinatown has had something—a very little—to do with the rebellion that is shaking the celestial kingdom. It has its own reform committee; some of its denizens have been active for a new deal at home and it knows at first hand the flitting Oriental who is scheduled for China's "first president."

Revolutions nowadays are hatched away from home, and by virtue of its foreign quarters New York finds that no country's troubles, however remote the land, are alien to it. It subscribes to Irish home rule, shelters Russian revolutionists and Russian spies, takes cognizance of Armenian patriots in its criminal courts, launches half the uprisings in Latin America, studies Syrian politics in Washington street, interviews its adopted citizens when Norway cuts the painter and hears its own hives of population buzz with every disturbance in Italy and Greece. Even the Kurds and Albanians have spokesmen here.

Some of the brethren westward call New York "provincial." But that is because its vision has so far a sweep that occasionally it overlooks them.

Letters From the People

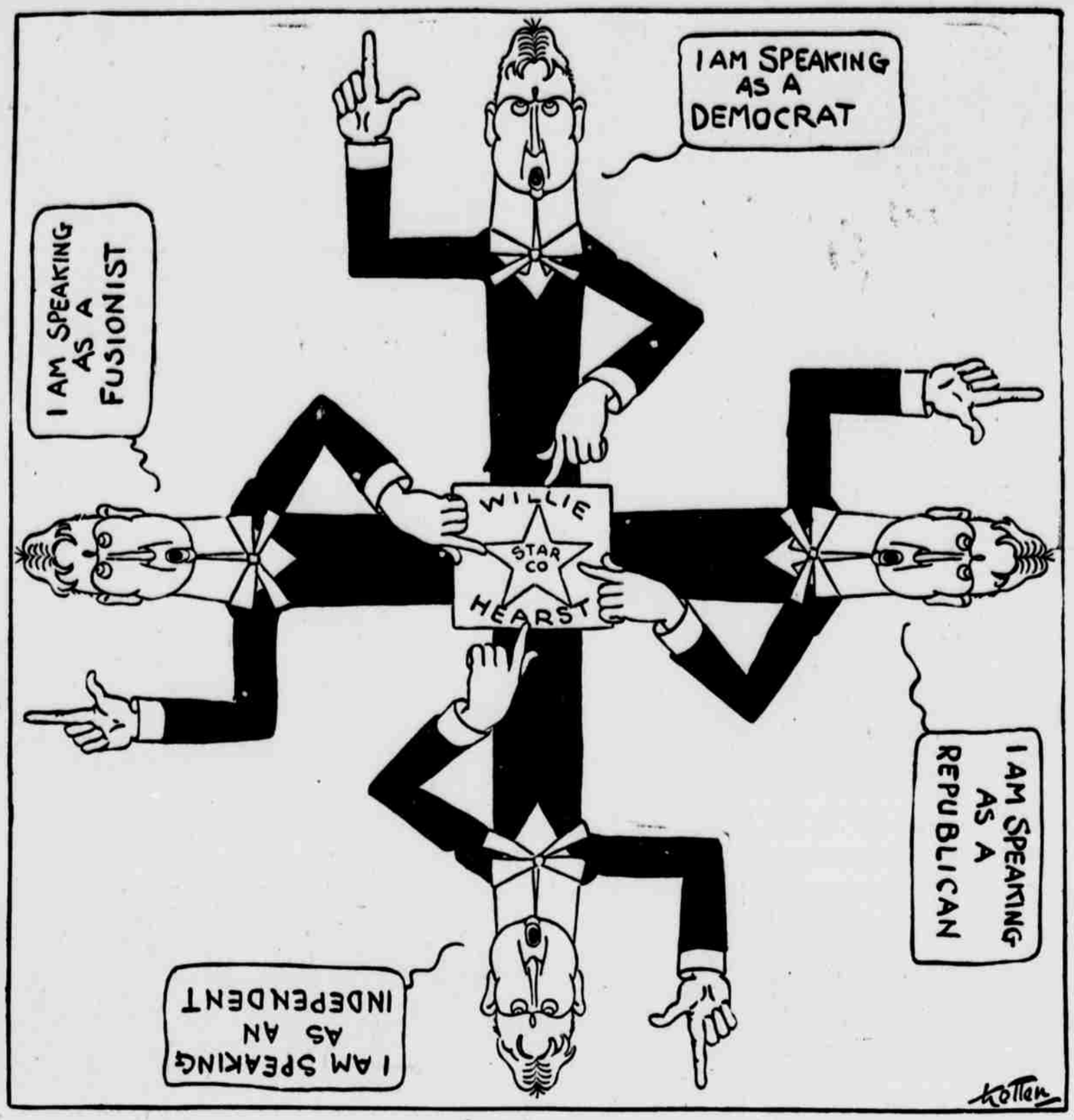
"Dogs or Children?"

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am sure your recent editorial, "Dogs or Children, Which?" is voiced by the majority. Do please keep it up and let us have all dogs kept off of the street. I assure you I feared to enjoy Riverside Drive during the heated term, as dogs really owned the best part. Consequence was seven persons were bitten one evening by a presumably rabid dog near One Hundred and Forty-fifth street. Oh, it was terrible—and no redress. For love of humanity do your best. MR. AND MRS. A. CLARK.

The Whirligig.

By Maurice Ketten.



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell.

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Mr. Jarr Solves the Weird Mystery of "House Nerves"

"VAT is dis I hear about Gus Ruhlin's wife being a suffragetter?" asked Gus, when Mr. Jarr came into the place on the corner for his "morning's morning," the other morning.

"Why, all I know," replied Mr. Jarr, "is what I see in the papers. She says a saloonkeeper's wife needs the protection of the ballot just as well as the stockbroker's wife does."

Gus cocked his head to one side and reflected very carefully for quite some time. Then he drummed upon the bar and whistled.

"Vell," he finally said, "I don't know vat's coming over the women. As Slavinsky says, 'They ain't no livin' mit dem und der ain't no livin' midout dem.' If my Lena was to hear aboud Gus Ruhlin's wife bein' a military suffragetter"—

"Militant suffragette," corrected Mr. Jarr.

"It all means a fighter, don't it?" said Gus; "and, as I was goin' to say, if my Lena was to hear that Gus Ruhlin's wife was a military suffragetter she would want me to get her a comiform that she could go oud and scrap mit the wimmins, too. Do you think the wimmins is going to get VOTES that way?"

"What way?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"By fighting among demselves," said Gus. "I read it in the Staats-Zeitung that all they do is to hold a meetin' for OONIVERSAL peace. 'Down mit the saloon, and Votes for vimmin.' And all they do is to scrap over who shall have social PREJUDICE."

"Social precedence," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"Vell, anyhow," said Gus, "vatever it is, it's an excuse for the vimmin to fight."

"What do you care?" asked Mr. Jarr. "As long as they are fighting each other they are not fighting us."

"I find it," said Gus, "that them suffragetter meetings is only trainin' camps for the vimmin. My Lena, she will go to them, and because Frits Schultz's vife has bigger diamonds and turns up her nose at my Lena because Fritz Schultz is in the wholesale liquor bisness and I am only in the retail trade, then my Lena comes home and vat I get from her is a caution. I'm wonder if Gus Ruhlin's wife took id out on her husband ven them other high toned vimmin wanted to fire her from the woman's sufferers party because her husband run a liquor store?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mr. Jarr, "but you don't seem to be in very good humor about it all."

"I guess I ain't," said Gus. "I got house nerves."

"What?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"House nerves," repeated Gus. "That's vat my Lena gets ven she needs a new dress or a new hat. She screams around and fights mit me, and the only way to cure it is to give her forty dollars and tell her you'll hit her in the eye if she don't go down to the stores and blow herself to what she wants. But I don't git out nowhere to see nothin'. Don't I want a good time, too?"

"Now, I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mr. Jarr. "You let Elmer run the place this evening, and you and I will take in the town."

"I'm mit you!" cried Gus. "And I tell you vat I always wanted to see. I ain't never been in the barroom of the Valdorf Asdoria or of the St. Regus or of the Fritz-Carlton, or any of them swell places yet. Let you and me shust go round and be real swells and look them places over."

"You're on," said Mr. Jarr. "Get your hat and take off your bar jacket and put on your coat."

"Don't we hav to put on full evenin dress or we can't get a drink in them places?" asked Gus.

But Mr. Jarr shook his head in the negative, and soon the two were on a slumming tour on Fifth avenue.

"Would you like to see Peacock Alley?" asked Mr Jarr, "where all the finely dressed woman are sitting?"

"No," said Gus. "Ve will go right in the barroom. I don'd want to look at no vimmin."

Gus was very much impressed with the handsome appointments of the cafes in the big hotels, and immediately he and Mr. Jarr were in a warm altercation as to who should have the honor of purchasing the first drink. Finally Gus turned to the bartender and said:

"Give us the dicebox. We'll chuck the bones to see who pays."

"Nothin' doin'," said the dapper bartender. "No dice throwin' allowed on these premises!"

Gus was so crestfallen at the rebuff that Mr. Jarr permitted him to buy all the drinks until his spirits had arisen again.

"Now I'm feelin' good," said Gus. "Lets go in the back room and play a little auction pinochle if any of the gentlemen here care to join us to make a three or four handed game."

"Nix!" said the bartender. "No card playin' in this establishment!"

"Vat?" cried Gus indignantly. "And you call this a first-class place."

He grabbed Mr. Jarr by the arm.

"Let's beat it," he said. "I'll bet the fellers is waitin for us in my place, and, be it ever so humble, there's no place like your own liquor store where you can do as you please!"

Hope Deferred.

"So your husband's baseball enthusiasm is checked?"

"Yes. Rain-checked."

Reflections Of A Bachelor Girl By Helen Rowland.

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A MAN tells only of his conquests in love; his defeats somehow always strike him speechless.

Marriage would be a sublime success if only a man would exert a little more common sense in trying to get the woman with whom he will be happy, and a woman a little more energy in trying to be happy with the man she gets.

The amount of "hot air" that a man sometimes wastes on his partner at a dinner party would keep his wife's heart warm for the rest of her life.

From the recent divorces in the literary set the ink bottle appears to be causing almost as much marital trouble as the champagne bottle.

Somehow a flirt in a stenographer's clothing is always the sort that is being "persecuted" by a wolf in employer's clothing.

Yes, Dearie, you can easily distinguish the men guests at a fashionable dinner from the waiters by their perfect manners—the waiters' manners.

The most miserable married woman on earth always has a heart full of pity for the most successful spinster.

Marriage is not a problem of the heart; it's a proposition in higher mathematics, to which no one has ever yet been able to put "Q. E. D."

Flattery sometimes goes straight to a husband's pocketbook.

Day Dreams.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

DEAR dreams of mine, let no one break
Their magic spell. I'd not awake
From dreamland's charms where I am free,
Pass on, go hence and let me be!
Safe in their sweet, seductive charm
I revel there in revery.
There's nought exists with power to harm
And blight them but—Reality.
With all the beauty and perfume
Of priceless, rare exotic bloom,
Intangible, dear's perish should
They meet Life's sterner, harsher mood.
Then, free, unfettered let them live.
I would not grasp them if I could.
The best that all Life has to give
Is mine in Dream's elusive mood.

The Story of Our Country.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. XI.—Valley Forge and "The Times That Try Men's Souls."

"THESE are the times that try men's souls!" wrote Thomas Paine, patriot and atheist, after he had viewed the horrors of the Valley Forge winter. The story of that winter is one of the most tragic and dramatic in all history.

The British held New York. They had been driven from Boston. Now they sought to seize our country's next most important city—Philadelphia. Up the Chesapeake Bay, in the early autumn of 1777, came a British fleet. Aboard it were Sir William Howe and an army 18,000 strong. Washington heard that Howe was planning to attack Philadelphia, so he marched forth from that city to meet him. Washington had an army of barely 11,000 efficient men. Instead of waiting for Howe to bear down upon them he hurried to meet and check him.

Howe and his 18,000 landed at the head of the Elk River, fifty-four miles from Philadelphia, and set out for that city. On the morning of Sept. 9 the British found their way blocked by Washington's army, which was intrenched among the low hills near the Brandywine Creek. A long and furious battle ensued. Owing to a subordinate officer's misunderstanding of one of Washington's orders the British were enabled to fall upon the patriot army from two different points, and to inflict terrific damage. The fight raged along the Brandywine for miles, and was stopped by the coming of night. Under cover of darkness Washington retreated.

A Battle and a Blunder.

The British did not follow up their victory by pursuing the beaten foe. They had lost about 900 men to the Americans' 1,200. After the battle, Howe marched on and took possession of Philadelphia. Washington, early in December, withdrew his hungry, ill, ragged army to Valley Forge, about twenty miles north of Philadelphia, and there went into winter quarters. His troops had almost no food, no shelter except such huts as the worn-out men could build, and no suitable clothing. Washington in a report wrote thus of the martyr-soldiers' condition:

"Men are confined in hospitals or in farmers' houses for want of shoes. We have this day no less than 2,898 men in camp unfit for duty because they are barefooted and otherwise naked. Our whole strength amounts to no more than 5,200 men in camp fit for duty. Since the 4th inst. our numbers fit for duty have decreased from hardship and exposure nearly 2,000 men. Numbers are still obliged to sit all night by fires. They occupy a cold, bleak hill and sleep under frost and snow without clothes or blankets. From my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent."

The winter was unbelievably cold. Starvation and disease ran riot. Much of the scanty supply of food and clothing provided for the soldiers went astray through incompetence or graft. It was a time of horror. Yet few men deserted. Almost none turned their backs on this scene of misery to take up the ease and comfort that awaited them elsewhere. There was nothing but love of country to hold them there. Our Government was in no position to punish deserters. Yet they remained on duty. Washington's wife worked day and night in the rough hospitals and carried food to the starving. "Mad Anthony" Wayne and his tireless "riders" scoured the country and drove into the Valley Forge camp herds of the British army's cattle. Baron Steuben drilled the hungry, frozen troops mercilessly; superintending the ill-equipped military "machine," though blood spots in the snow marked everywhere the tread of the soldiers' bare feet. And so the long, deadly winter at last wore away.

A Winter of Torture.

In Philadelphia, meantime, the British held high revel. Warm, well fed, safe, they loafed and caroused all winter. Strong men grew soft. Idleness and luxury left their mark on the once hardy English troops. Benjamin Franklin, learning how affairs stood, remarked dryly:

"The British have not taken Philadelphia. Philadelphia has taken the British."

He was right. In the spring the survivors of Valley Forge were toughened, seasoned, perfectly equipped veterans—men of iron and fire. The British were like prize-fighters who have suddenly changed training for dissipation. They could no longer hold Philadelphia against their lean, tireless foes. They evacuated the city in June, 1778, and started for New York, closely pursued by Washington, who struck one heavy blow after another at the retreating redcoats. At Monmouth and elsewhere along the route the two armies cleaned. And everywhere the widely different results of that winter were apparent on both sides.

The British reached New York. Washington menaced the city, too strong now to be swept aside as before. Through untold suffering his army had become the sort that does not know the meaning of Lasting Defeat.

The Day's Good Stories.

Waiter Was Too Quick.

A CERTAIN literary German, whose manner of speaking was extremely deliberate, and who disapproved of impetuosity of any sort under any circumstances, had an unusual experience in a restaurant one day, says the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

He was a well known figure among the patrons of this particular establishment, as he seldom dined anywhere else, and he was generally served by a waiter who had become used to his way of speaking; but one day a new waiter took his order and brought his soup.

"I cannot eat this soup," said the gentleman, slowly, not looking up from his plate.

The man seized the soup plate before the customer could finish the sentence, and vanished with it.

He reappeared in a moment with another supply of the same soup, which he placed before the gentleman, and then stood regarding him with an anxious face, wondering what could be the reason for the soup remaining untouched.

"I cannot eat this soup," again slowly remarked the literary man.

"Why not, sir? What is the matter?" stammered the unhappy waiter, who had been told he was serving an important person.

"I cannot eat this soup," said the literary genius, calmly, for the third time, "because I have not yet been provided with a spoon!"

Sympathized With Him.

THIS is a story of the Harvard "Head Over Some students who had either a real or imaginary grievance against a taxicab chauffeur boarded his cab and rode all over and part of the morning, winding up in front of the halls. They accused themselves to such an enough to pay the bill and never came back. The next day the taxicab company was called up and the manager asked: "Did you have some Harvard students use a cab all night?"

"Yes."

"Did the chauffeur wait for four hours for them to come out and pay him?"

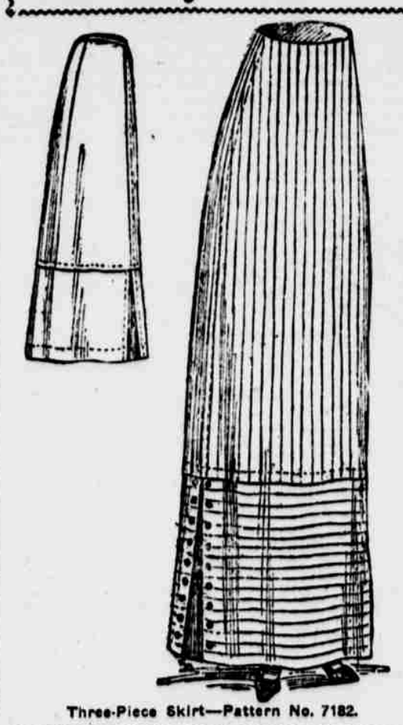
"Yes."

"And you were never paid?"

"No."

"Well," concluded the voice, "isn't that too bad!" and the receiver was hung up.—Boston Record.

The May Manton Fashions



Three-Piece Skirt—Pattern No. 7182.

THE skirt that is made in few pieces is the favorite one of the season, well adapted to striped materials, although it can be used for anything seasonable and for the combinations of two materials as well as for one throughout. The band at the lower edge is straight, but is opened at the sides over the panels, in this case the panels are of velvet, while the skirt is of striped wool material. An equally smart effect can be obtained by making the entire band at the lower edge of velvet or broadcloth, while the upper portion is of satin or of silk, serge or wool material, and in such cases the panels could match the upper portion or could be made of wide braid and give an excellent effect.

The skirt is made in three pieces and is closed invisibly, there being no fullness over the hips. The straight band is joined to the lower edge beneath a tuck. The skirt suits the high waist line is arranged over a single the one cut to the natural waist line is joined to a belt.

For the medium size will be required 5 1-4 yards of material 27 inches wide, with 1-2 yard 27 inches wide for the panels; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 1-4 yards.

Pattern No. 7182 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, Greeley Square, corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or send by mail to MAY MANTON PATTERN CO., at the above address. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.